

Revenging Farce

Insist on righteousness
again,

your fastened eyes
affright anew.

Next time, cowards
laugh,

trusting there's an
end of it. Bide

your hallowed space & then:
eviscerate them

mid-dance—it's your
bounden duty.

In the melee other dancers
fall.

The collateral benefit of
lust.

*In the 19th century history was supposed to repeat itself: the first time as tragedy,
the second as farce. -Talking Points Online*